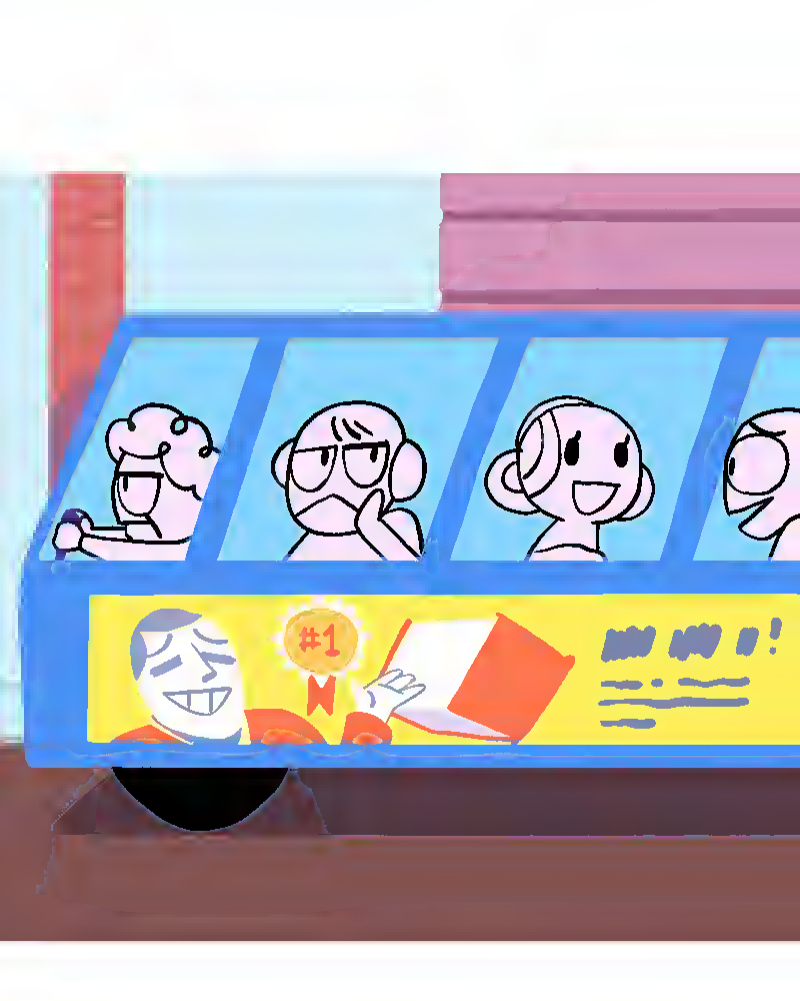
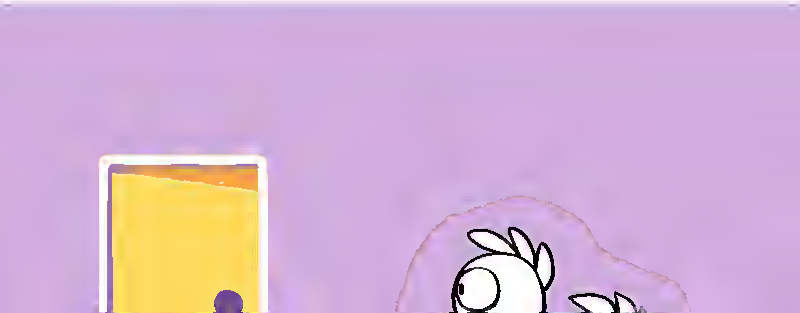

#1

They followed me home, like ducklings.

←WITH→
YOUR-
SELF!

OK, THIS IS MY BUILDING. SEE YA' AROUND!

THIS IS MY BUILDING.



OKAY, THIS IS MY APARTMENT.

BYE!

THIS IS MY APARTMENT.

BUDDY, IS THIS ONE OF THOSE *YOUTUBE PRANKS*? CUZ THIS IS GONNA MAKE THE *WORST* VIDEO.
10 VIEWS. 12 DISLIKES.

NO, LISTEN: I HAVE A THEORY--

NO, I HAVE A THEORY. MY THEORY IS THAT YOU'RE TRYING TO

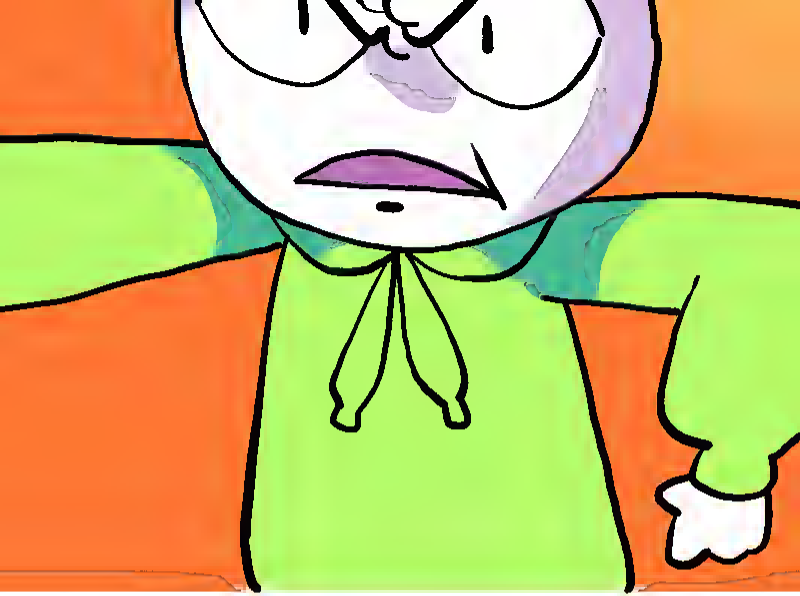
RUB
ME.

BUT TOUGH LUCK! I'VE GOT A GUN UNDER THAT COUCH CUSHION.

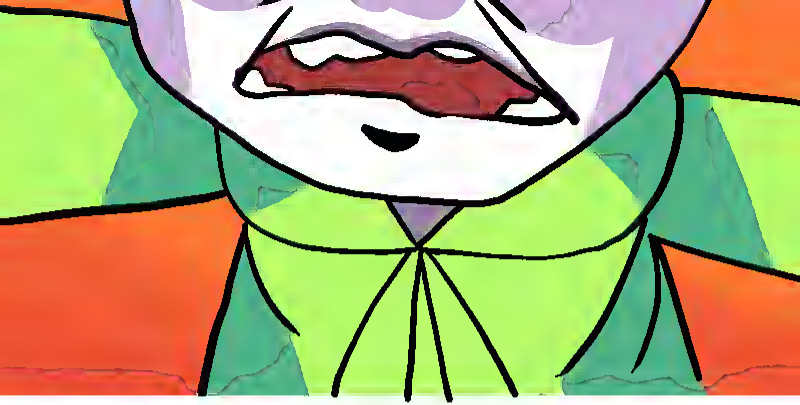
AND IF YOU DON'T LEAVE BY THE COUNT OF 3, I'M NOT AFRAID TO USE IT!

ONE.

TWOOO.

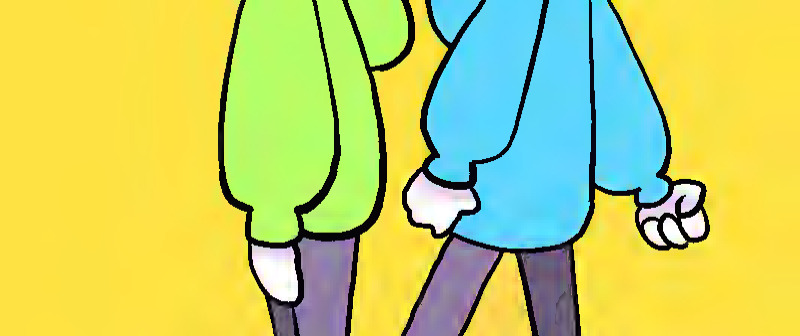


THREEEEEE.



YOU'VE NEVER OWNED A GUN IN YOUR ENTIRE LIFE.

HERE, LET ME JUST TEST MY THEORY.



HOLD ABSOLUTELY STILL.

JUST AS I THOUGHT...

I'M YOU, FROM THE FUTURE.

AAAAAA

SMACK

DO YOU WANT THE COPS TO COME??
EVERYTHING IS NORMAL.

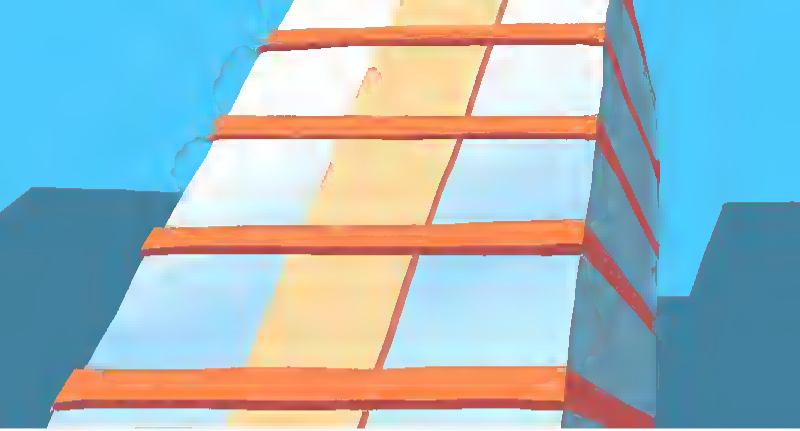
NOTHING IS NORMAL.

EVERYTHING IS NORMAL.

WHO EVEN ARE YOU?

OH, I THINK I'M YOU FROM

THE *FARTHER* FUTURE. AND THIS WITTLE GUY IF YOU FROM THE PAST, HEHE!

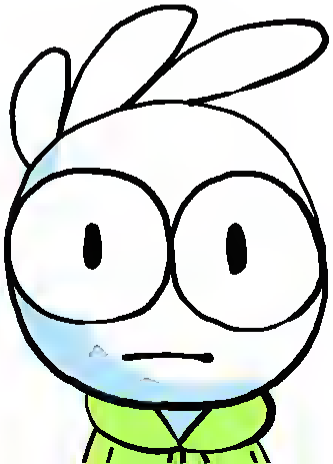


That's how I met myself.
4 of myself, in fact.

The recent future, whom I've nicknamed Tomo - short for Tomorrow.

The far future, who I've been calling Oldie. He doesn't mind.

The distant past, who I've nicknamed Babs.



And the real, present me: Todd. The others have taken to calling me T-Prime.

I all live together.